

T O M B E,

for that incomparable and
Glorious Monarch,

CHARLES THE FIRST,

of Great Britain, France
and Ireland, &c.

C.

R.

By G. Dyer, Epitaphs, and Poems.

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82



EPI T A P H.

Behold the Mirror of a Prince Pourtraid!
 The living Emblem of glorious shade.
 Whose Chair of State was late a Scaffold made.

One, then whom never any did professe
 More Zeal to th' Publique, and received lesse;
 Of more desert, and brought to more distresse.

That reall lustre to our Royall Garter;
 That late inlarger of our Cities Charter; (Martyr!)
 Whose Crown the Crime that made this Monarch-

Adieu Dear Prince; Death, like a loving friend
 Hath Crown'd thy sufferings with a peacefull end.
 While headlesse we our ruine must attend.

Nor can we lesse expect, Judgement's at hand
 To scourge the follies of a sinfull Land:
 "What Brightman wrote we would not understand.

"From th' fatall period of a Charlemain,
 "Wain should a Kingdom in her Charles-wain:
 "But Prayers nor tears might call him back again.

"Lords should resign their Patents to the Sword,
 "Lurdane should equall any English Lord.
 O brave Platonick Levell! Martiall Boord!

CHRONOSTICHON

Decollationis CAROLI Regis, &c.
 tricesimo die Januarii, secunda
 hora Pomeridiana, *Anno Dom.*
MDCXLVIII.

Ter Deno IanI Labens ReX SoLe CaDente
 CaroLVs eXVtVs SoLlo SCeptroqVe
 SeCVre.

CHARLES ! ---- ah forbear, forbear ! lest
 Mortals prize
 His name too dearly ; and Idolatrize.
 His Name ! Our Lotte ! Thrice cursed and forlorn
 Be that Black Night, which usher'd in this Morn.

CHARLES our Dread-Sovereign ! --- hold
 lest Out-law'd Sense
 Bribe, and seduce tame Reason to dispense
 With those Celestial Powers ; and distrust
 Heav'n can Behold such Treason, and prove Just.

CHARLES our Dread-Sveiraigh 's murther'd
 --- Tremble ! and
 View what Convulsions Shoulder-shake this Land
 Court, City, Country, nay three Kingdoms run
 To their last stage, and Set with Him their Sun.

CHARLES

CHARLES our Dread-Sovereign's murder'd
at His Gate!

Fell Feinds! dire Hydra's of a Stiff-neck'd-State!
Strange Body-Politick! whose Members spread,
And, Monster-like, swell bigger then their HEAD.

CHARLES of Great Britain! Hee! who was
the known

King of three Realms, lie's murder'd in his Own.
Hee! Hee! who liv'd, and Faith's Defender stood,
Die'd here to re-Baptize it in His Blood.

No more, no more. Fame's Trumpe shall Eccho all
The Rest in dreadfull Thunder. Such a Fall
Great Christendomene're Pattern'd; and 'twas
strange

Earth's Center reel'd not as this dismal Change.

The Blow struck Britain blind, each well-set Limbe
By Dislocation was lop't off in HIM. (condole
And though Shee yet live's. Shee live's but to
Three Bleeding Bodies left without a Soul.

RELIGION put's on Black. Sad LOYALTY
Bulshes and Mourn's to see bright-Majesty
Butcher'd by such Affassinates; nay both
'Gainst GOD, 'gainst LAW, ALLEGIANCE,
and their OATH.

Farewell sad Isle! Farewell! Thy fatal Glory
Is Summ'd, Cast up, and Cancell'd in this Story.

A N
E L E G I E

*[The meekest of Men,
On The most glorious of Princes,
The most Constant of Martyrs,
CHARLES the I. &c.*

Most cruell Men,

CAN you a winged soules swift flight restrain,
And lure her to her widowed home again?
Or bound the wanderings of the floating blood?
And to his purple channell charm his flood?
Can you a gasping hearts faine heat repair,
And into breath coyne the unfashion'd ayer?
Can you unweave the Nerves, then twist their thred
And to th'unravell'd corps re-fit the head?

Who can doe lesse then this, should feare to kill:
Best pulling down is by a Builder still.

But coole debates you can embrace no more
Then *Cesars* Lion, who his Teacher tore.

From meaner gore, and Subjects courser flood,
Your curious Treason thirsts your Princes blood:
And fliht in under-slaughter, boldly brings
Rais'd appetite to diet on your Kings.

No

No Epicure like thriving Murder's found :
 Her Stream tastes foul, unless her Spring be crown'd.
 But though who Thrones and Majesty betray,
 As largest guilt, so reap the largest prey,
 And sage projecting Hell her snares might fear,
 But that she bids, high pay, and damnes some dear :
 Yet few have levell'd at a Princes fall,
 But such whose claim did for succession call :
 Whose bordering title tyr'd to be kept down,
 Cast trains lesse for his ruine, then his Crown.
 But here the desperate Rebell strikes at sway,
 Not for who shall succeed, but that none may :
 Deeming the crime lesse daring, of lesse hight
 To ravish Scepters, then to break them quite :
 As if an ampler beam of pow'r were hurl'd
 To hatch a Chaos, then create a world.

No shie concealment leads this murder in ;
 That were too much the Modesty of sin,

No closet ambush, unsuspected pill,
 No mingled cup, no secret drug must kill,
 Success hath rais'd them up to opner crimes,
Rolfe was an Instrument for doubtfull rimes.
 A mock Tribunal's built, a pageant Court, (sport,
 Which but for matchlesse crimes, might passe for
 So frail and lawlesse ; Faith hath no defence
 To credit, 'tis at all but insolence.
 No fond *Romance*, no fam'd *Arcadia* treats,
 Of such Eutopian, frantick Judgement Seats :
 At whose dire black decrees, we wondering stand,
 As some pale Ghoasts dim taper, and cold hand
 Did waftus through the shades, untill he brings

Where Fairie Traytors murder aery Kings :
 While slumbring we invoke the mornings light
 To chase the Legend-vision from our sight

High in this dream, in this phantastick Bench,
 Bold apparition *Bradshaw* doth intrench.

One whom the genuine Bar did seldome see, (Fee,
 Whose obscure tongue scarce boasts a seven years
 Whose Lungs are all his Law, whose pleading noise
 And silence, dearer then discreeter voice.

Whose conscience wears a face for every dresse ;
 Religion justifies the Savages.

Faction'd, and byas'd, for who gives most fair,
 Camelion through, onely not hir'd with Aire.

Whose insolence no presence can relaxe, (Axe,
 Whose carriage wounds his *King* worse then the

This needy Oratour, now richer drest,
 And higher plac'd, is Image still at best :
 VVho though from hell, he his glib dictates hold,
 As Satan talk't i'th' Idols tongues of old ;
 Yet the close drift of this bright pomp and shrine,
 Is nor the Devill, nor He, but worse design.

The Ephesian work-men great *Diana* made,
 Not for *Diana's* sake, but their own trade.
 Our Sovereigns sighs, the Peoples louder groan
 Is not black Incense burnt to *Bell* alone,
 But strow their Altars round, and we shall meet
 An undistinguisht rapines numerous feet.

The Bloudy *Rebells* conscious of their slain,
 Like the first murderer, the guilty *Cain*.
 Though just Remorse lookes nobler then offence,
 Prefer continuance to penitence.

YVeigh crimes 'gainst mercies, down the Balance
bear,

Much with their sins, but most with their despair.
Their own pale fears arm to this desperate thrust,
their *King* can pardon, but they cannot trust.

The haughty Tygers dare the Lyons spight,
And force bold inrodes through their Sovereigns
But if retireing from inroaching pride, (right ;
They make their proper confines bound their tide :
• A faithfull truce is struck, peace shuts in warres,
And fresh assurance springs ev'n from their jarres ;
One equall desert shrowds their pastime still,
And each intrust their slumbers to one hill.

But jealous guilt, nor fence, nor safety hath :

A *Rebell* is a Tiger without faith.

But though stung conscience presse to be secure,
And would be wary when she can't be sure ;
Yet oft she most encounters what she flies,
And all her ruine in her Refuge lies.

For had their Foes conspir'd, and fram'd a pit.
Whose train, whose deepest artifice should hit :
They none so speeding, none so fleet could bring,
As what themselves have shap'd, their slaughter'd

By this, they naked lie to weakest eyes, (King.
And quit their ablest guard, their long disguise ;
Whose strength like mens in ambush, still hath been
Not frō their strength, but cause their strength's un-
Whō shal they combat now in's own defence, (seen.
And whom bring home onely by driving hence ?
Whom shall they disobey to serve his will ?
Whom shall their Canon court, and humbly kill ?
Whose omnipresence space shall reconcile ; Be

Be here, and yet be hence a hundred mile ?
 Whose doubtfull seal shall, while it is betwain,
 And burnt from phenix cinders bud again ?

They, whose thick vows, exalted hearts and eyes,
 High as the skies, and stable as the skies ;
 Who know their lives are frail, short recompence,
 And cheap oblation weigh'd with conscience:
 Will now no longer gorge their venomous pills,
 Nor by elusions steer enlightned wils ;
 Nor prize the shame of finding former sin
 At the sad rate of wading farther in.

But haste returns as vigorous as mistake,
 And hate the gantly dream the more they wake :
 No longer brook a *Tyler* or a *Cade*, (mode:
 Those Durg hill *Tyrants* whom themselves have
 Which like dire comets mounted in the aire, (there.
 Rain plagues on earth, whose vapours plac't them

They find this hot impatience 'gainst the throne,
 Is by its embers but to light their own.

Like him, who rais'd his Gods adored head,
 To make his own blaspheme it in the stead. (throws

Hence their Agreement, chains and shackles
 As not what we Agree, but they impose ;
 Gilding the peircing'st flames with specious smoak,
 Glossing in our consent, which is their yোক.

Were their dark arts soft as their glistering shews,
 Did their throng'd chapplets scatter nought but
 Did they a Freedome give, was ours before, (Rose:
 Which the *Kings* slaughter were but to restore,
 Yet the Acceptance ought to prove ours still,
 And none obtrude a blisse against our will :

'Tis

'Tis not a Liberty we needs must have,
And he is onely free, who may be slave.

Nay, were't our keen request, and eager cry,
It might so fall, 'twere nobler to deny;
Their bounty, us might to our ruine arm,
And better not bestow, then give to harm:
Who weapons one, who seeks himself to kill,
Bestows a murder, and a Liberall Ill.

And such is theirs, and worse, for they afford.
Not onely means to kill but prompt the Sword.
Men's phrensic bated now, and could endure
To hear of physick, though 'twere far from cure;
When cruell they break in, and crying, save,
Intombe the *Nation* in their *Sovereigns* grave.

The Heathen *Brutus* did at murder stay,
Who, though he durst eject, he durst not slay:
His bare deposing roo, no shelter brings,
But that it fastned on the worst of *Kings*:
The Publick curse had blasted all his praise,
Had his attempt been up ere *Tarquins* dayes.

Where shall they build their plea, who at once do
Destroy the best of *Men*, and *Princes* too? (improve
Whose rooted Thrones fair growth did lesse
From clear unenvied claim, then Subjects love,
Whose boundlesse worth, and rate had given Him
Though His descent and title were away. (sway,

And now, since virtue vice doth best descrie,
As straight shews straightnesse and obliquity;
His prudent sway, her beauty best affords,
Drawn out, and shadowed by *usurping Lords*.
Whose early first decree so loath'd hath stood,

By

By framers guilt, and injur'd *Straffords* Blood.
 Who suppl'd Laws, and gag'd them to their wills,
 Not to support their Rights, but strengthen Ills.
 No resolves steady, no vote tumult strong,
 But ratified, or cancell'd by th' next throng :
 Such floating levities their coin disgrac't,
 Till cheap irreverence the mint defac't.
 Whence poorly conscious of their ticklish sway,
 They sweat to husband and improve their day ;
 Working to steer their low designs about,
 Ere the next Faction shake their title out :
 They lease their interest, each suffrage rent,
 As the *two Houses* were their *Tenement* :
 Who chaffers best, buyes mercenary throats,
 Reaps plenteous harvest in the next dayes votes :
 They shear the *People*, bear their fleece away,
 Not as their Orphan-wards, but happier prey ;
 Place and preferments passe their market-curse,
 Not to the worthiest men, but strongest purse
 Succeed by families, relations scale,
 Make Patriots not our *choice*, but their *Intail*
 Desert, or hold their stations with the Tide :
Ruine, or *ruined*, as Factions side.
 Nere *acting* right, now *suffering* this alone,
 Their *Usurpation* fell with *CHARLES* His Throne.

Who Antidote to all the ill of these,
 And all their poisons strict Antipodes,
 Who when his crowns soar'd highest, did ev'n then
 Remember still he was a *King* of men,
 Made their advantage to compasse to his own,
 And rankt their freedome equall with his throne.

Ne'r checkt their *Liberty* till't *license* flood,
 Nor askt their goods, but for their greater good.
 Who i'th'loud prejudice *five Members* sin,
 (Which hung Reforming out, but Ruine in)
 Arm'd with the Guards of unoffended State,
 Like one that would not crush it, but debate :
 Like *Titus* tamely wish'd confederates leave,
 Ask (bate his Empire) and they should receive,
 Which fertile showres of grace so thick exprest,
 They fell too weighty on their narrowed breast :
 And as the clamorous channells shallow wombe
 VVould force the bounteous Sea her streams resume
 And from his banks doth foul contractions take,
 And for a Chrystal-flood re-payes a Lake:
 So their unsound receipt his bounty flew,
 Return'd in Poyson, what He shed in Dew.

Nor did a happier arm His gifts dispence,
 VVhich private threw but vast munificence:(down,
 VVhen hands Himself had rais'd would reach Him
 And nerves His Alms had strengthened, shake His
 The Vultur's Rapine doth at Bounty stand;(Crown.
 VVho though she gorge the prey, she spares the
 The Gyant Elephant obeyes for bread ; (hand,
 And can forgo his rage where he is fed.

VVhere shall unthaukfull men for place intrude ?

Nor *Aire* nor *Desert* shrowds *Ingratitude*.

Yet as the equall Sun ore all doth tend,
 Though some use light onely to see t'offend :
 And both the barren Bramble and the Flow'r
 Partake the juice o'th' undistinguisht shōwr :
 Because the teeming Clouds descending flood

D. signs

Designes the *many* onely, not the *good*:
 So His impartiall bountie Blessings threw,
 Nor did the *Recompence*, but *Gift persue*.

His *Temperance* might an *Anchorite*, rigour tell.
 And make the *Pallace* Standard to the *Cell*.
 Not that its Laws from the *thin board* proceed,
 VWhere to abstaine is *Avarice* or *Need*;
 Or that the *coursenesse* of the *Cates* might please,
 Like the great *Consull* caught a parching pease,
 But from the strict chastising *Plenies* wings,
 And the severest use of highest things.
 His *Table* grasp'd the *seas*, the *earth*, the *aire*.
 Yet ne'r His *surfet* was, nor others *snare*.
 His *Bowels* massacred none, nor did in inrage,
 Till *Subjects blood* the *Princes wine* assuage.
 No *Orphans* swam about his riotous cup,
 Like his who *kill'd*, but first *dranke Clytus up*,
 Unbatter'd *Chastity* his reines and law,
 Firme 'gainst the lustre of all threatening thaw,
 Which though it want the checks of mean restraint,
 Where *charge* chills *sin*, and makes the goatish faint;
 VWhere *Continence* is dread lest *Vice* succeed,
 And trembles at the *issue*, not the *deed*:
 Nay though't seem fortify'd with plea, and they
 VWho *sin* with Him, might seeme but to *obey*,
 At least the guilt might large allayes indure,
 Since few deny where *Scepters* doe allure:
 Or stand the vigour of a storme or rape,
 VWhere *He* was *King*, as by descent, so shape:
 For *He* their title had to back his *owne*,
 VWho to the goodly feature give the throne.

Yet

Yet all was fraile to *Him*, and soone suppress,
 VVho set His *Scep'ter* first ore *his owne breast*:
 And that His *Crowns* be in full square combin'd,
 He made *His fourth Dominion* be *His mind*.

Not like that *Romans ch. st.*, but *timorous care*,
 VVhere to be *chast*, was *not to see* the faire:
 VVho found his breast not proof against the flames,
 But to escape, did bid remove the Dames.
 But as firme-fighted *Eagles* range the skies,
 And eye the Sun when strongest lustre flies;
 So His keene manag'd view severely sees,
 Not *frailty to corrupt*, but *Judge the piece*.
 And could i'th' dazeling round securely stay,
 To *blesse the potter*, not *abuse the clay*.

Wise *Iustice*, such as mercy might dispence,
 To spare the *Men*, but punish the *offence*.
 Not to iadanger *Law*, but temper *doome*,
 To kill *despair*, and yet make none *presume*.

And here to match the births of strictest wills.

Where *naked virtues* are but *glistering ills*,
 He layes His ballance at the *Temple gates*,
 The *Sanctuary Shekles* are His weights.
 He quarters all *His* day with constant prayers,
 No businesse shall dispence, no pleasure dares.
 Limnes Copies to *His Court*: doth rein and hold
 By *Constancie* the *carelesse*, *Zeal* the *cold*.
 His *intent* thoughts do their *perplext* decry,
 His *bent knees*, *stiffe*, His *fixt*, the *wandring eye*.
Humble, the *arrogant*; His *vigorous*, *dead*;
 His *awe*, *irreverence*; *affiance*, *dread*:
 Makes all *His* practice dictate this alone,

They

They had *two Kings* t'obey, *Himself* had one.

But *Calm* and *Sun-shine*, undistracted ease,
Yield but the *Trophies* of well-order'd peace;
But He was furnish'd through, and had a stock,
As for *Fates fawn* and *courtship*, so their *shock*.

And though some c. ses make the task as great
To manage *temper*, as to master *heat*,
Though a sound prudence may deserve as well,
To *wave assaults*, as courage to *repell*;
Yet, here the generous lustre justly springs,
Lesse from the *Scepter*, then the *Sufferings*.
For as the rage of these tempestuous times
VVas *His Misfortune* onely, not *His crimes*,
(Lesse *Socrates* the *Lightnings* blame must bear,
Because it Lightned when he took the Aire;
Or 'lesse the drought lies still at th' *Christians gate*,
'Cause *Drought and Christians were contemporate*)
So His harsh draught had some ingredients mixt,
VVhich ne'r on Prince or Man till now were fixt.
No *Agonie* so temper'd, no such Cup,
Unlesse when *God* help'd *Man* to drink it up.
VVhere though the *sufferings*, rival none endure,
'Cause one so sound receiv'd so sharp a cure;
Yet we may safely give *Perfwasion* this,
Those Jews then these lesse knew they did amisse.
His *first affliction* from rude *Tumults* came,
From them the *fuell*, but elsewhere the *flame*,
Their trunk and boughs build the *instructed pile*,
But worse men light and fan the flames the while.
That waves and winds should mix united stocks
To bruise, and threaten Ships with shelves & rocks,
Provokes

Provokes our *wonder* lesse then moves our *grief*,
 Because they want the sense of our relief.
 Nay, were their *rage*, *design*, and *ship-wracks*, *spleen*,
 Yet there might clear pretence, and plea be seen,
 Since our incroachments they but pay with spight,
 And do but check usurpers of their right:
 For words we to *commerce* and *traffick* melt,
 By them is *inrode* and *invasion* felt. (threats,
 But should this sea, these winds conduct their
 To th' awfull palace, where great Neptune sets,
 Should their swell'd surge make his bent Trident
 grone,

And dash their foaming billows 'gainst his Throne:
 Then might *they* pattern *us*, then we might see,
 That *winds* and waves at least are *wild as we*.

Nor was our *phrensie*, *fit*, our *uproares*, *blasts*,
 Or cloud that *outs not light*, but *overcasts*;
 But, like that fatall inauspicious day,
 When all the lesse and larger birds of prey,
 Conspir'd to force the *Eagle* from her throne,
 Because her eyes were clearer then their own: (scant
 When the vast aire seem'd to th' throng'd muster
 And with oppressing load the Element pant.
 The injur'd *Eagle* girt in this distresse,
 When reason nothing could, and force could lesse,
 She arms her active plumes with swiftest spring,
 Darts through their ranks, & saves her self by wing.

But *Eagles* they are well when freed from rape,
 And need no *reparation* but th' *escape*:
 Re-view the sun with undishonour'd eye,
 And build again their towring nests as high.

But Princes *scape not*, though they are *not slain*.
They may the *wound*, but cannot flie the *stain*.

Yet hath our mischief father arts, and can
Distresse Him both at once, as *King* and *Man*.
Our sharp alarmes forbid his shortest stay,
He may advise for *gone*, but not *which way*.
We set His maz'd resolves at gaze, and start,
Else r'were not to *drive hence*, but *bid Depart*.
Else had our fury lessen'd of its spight,
W' had forc'd Him to a *progresse*, not a *flight*.
But like a pilot huddled up i'th' dark,
Himself surpris'd, and His unfurnish'd bark,
Whom unexpected tempests do constrain,
And from His harbour drive into the main:
No tackle tight, no anchor weather proof,
But waves invade below, and winds aloof;
Distract and tost, not bound for any road,
Nor can return, nor can hold out abroad.
Such was His mixt distresse; how, what, or where.
uncertain all, but dangers certain were.

By this self-pregnant sin improves to th' full,
Affront at *London*, *Treason* growes at *Hull*:
A bold *repulse* succeeds perplext *abode*,
Despis'd at home, thrives to *refus'd* abroad:
Place tutors Place, on Cities Cities call,
He may not here be *safe*, not there *at all*.
When loe the spreading mischief not content
To force up breaches in *one* element,
Inva des *His Navy*, doth insulting stand
O're the joynt Trophees both of *Sea* and *Land*.

To gild this rapine for the vulgar eyes,
 They chase Him through all *His* capacities ;
 Shift *lights* and *distances*, untill they see
 Another self in Him, which is not He.
Vex stills, and *Crucibles*, the *furnace* ply,
 To sift and drain a *Chymick Majesty*.

At last their carefull sweats auspicious how'r,
 Drops *Him apart*, *distinguish't from His pow'r*.

But the afflicted quill, whose penance lies
 Through all His thorns, must stories martyr rise :
 What hardy plume dares register His cares ?
 When *forraign* close, to sow'r *His home* affaires ;
 When *Ireland* charitable fame untells,
Adopts the vvorst of ven'mous beasts ; *Rebells*.
 When *Edenburg* out-villain'd *Carthage* hath,
 And *Scotch* more slippery proves then *Punick Faith*,
 When they can *trade* their *King*, and beat a price
 For's Bloud, to ingrain their crimson Avarice.
 Whilst we un-king His Fame, dethrone's repute
 Word our artillery, and libells shoot.
 Shift His restraints, and bound him with new hedge,
 Not for *enlargement*, but *fresh pawn* and *pledge*
 To now prevailing Gaol ; snare Him with Shapes
 Of neerer ills, to prompt him to escapes.
 So the close practis'd foulers treacherous gin,
 Already seiz'd of prey, the lost bird in:
 Yet hath attendant dogs, whose disciplin'd throat,
 And busie roavings aid their threatening note ;
 Till th' feather'd pris'ner scar'd with mixt mishap,
 Un-skill'd i'th' guil of the industrious trap,

(119)
Struggles and flings with unsuccessfull coy,
Till motion weaves inevitable toyl.

When varied bondages some beames afford,
To checker plots, *dissembling* some accord;
Which though smooth-phras'd rough sense doth
still controul

T' *un-crown* his head, or else *un-king* His soul.

When all of *Meniall* trust, whose cares expence
Hearty with long experienc'd confidence,
Pay'd diligent homage to his justest will,
Must see their desolate ranks, and courses fill
By rough unpractis'd home-spun Colonies
Of *Rufft Courtiers*, and *instructed spies*,
VWhose *treacherous* attendance, and flie drift,
Make, all their *service* but *Officious shrift*.
VWhen the pure Alars sacred sons must flee
His reverent approach, when single He
Must both His *Priest*, and *Congregation* stand,
Or some rash *Kerabs* foul unhallowed hand
Corrup His virgin gums, and raise a smoak,
Not to *appease* His deity, but *choak*.

VWhen the *revolted C.ocks* plum their darts,
VWith crooked *Sophistry's* perverted arts :
To reason down His faith with studied pow'r,
And drown His soul in that confederate show'r.

To heighten these, when some, whose nobler name
In His *desclining* Banner arms their fame ;
VWhom yet *ignoble envy* bent awry,
Or *Faint Devotion*, cool'd to Indifferencie,
Consp'r'd the Churches battery ; His weights,

Took

took ballance from *her cause*, not from *their hates*;
 He pois'd *thin calumny*, by *ponderous good*;
 Her *sole*, and yet *unconquer'd* champion stood.

VWhen warmer onsets, like the searching ploughs,
 More fertile wounds on natures yielding brows:
 VWere not the *scar*, but *tillage* of his heart,
 Cares thriving husbandry, and fruitfull smart,
 VWhere what was sown a *Crosse*, sprung upon a *sheaf*,
 And *Virtue*, *Harvest*, though the *Furrow* grief.
His glorious own Record gave this presage,
 VWhich next to hallowed writ, and sacred page,
 Shall busie pious wonder, and abide
 To Christian pilgrimage the *second guid*:
 VWhich reconciles (till now) the eternall hates
 Twixt *simple piety*, and *fraudulent States*.
 Shews how all *Michiavell* in *Solomon* lies,
 And Cunning makes men *wilely*, but not *wise*.
 Bottomes a stable Throne, whose secure chance
 Shall *steady sit*, or in *her fall advance*.

When gastly Death's astonishing Arrest
 In all her terrors, and grim wardrobe drest,
 From a green Treaty nipt ere fully blown,
 And soft amusements of a restored throne,
 He meets with cheerfull combat, and arm'd breath,
 A *vigorous Resignation*, not a *Death*.

When *His unlimited forgivenesse* flies
 High as *His Blooa's* shrill voice, and towring cryes,
 Not spun in scanty *half denying* prayers,
 But *Legacie obliging* to *His Heirs*.

C A R O L I

Τῷ Μαχαρίτῃ Παλιγνεσίᾳ.

I Come, but come with trembling, lest I prove
 Th' unequall Greete of *Semele* and *Jove*.
 As *She* was too *obscure*, and *He* too *bright*,
 My *Theam's* too *heavy*, and my *Pen* too *light*.
 And whilst, like *Midas*, I presume to sit
 In wile *Apollo's Chair*, without *HIS* wit,
 Is it not just t'expect, that *He*, who *dares*
 Higher then *Midas*, should wear longer *Eares*?
 May I not fear *Patroclus Fate*, and feel
 The dangerous honour of *Achilles steel*?
 Just like that *busie Elf*, whose vent'rous *Pride*
 Found none but *Titan Titan's Coach* could guide?
 Why; *Hee'l* not stand in *Verse*. Can I enclose
Him, whom the greatest *Libertie of Prose*
 Wants room to hold? And whose *unweildy Name*
 Is big enough to fill the *Trump of Fame*?
An Individuall species? like the *Sun*,
 At once a *Multitude*, and yet but *One*?
One of such vast Importance, that *He* fell
 The *Festivall of Heav'n*, and *England's Hell*?
One, who for Eminence was these two things,
 * *The last of Christians, and the first of Kings*?

* De Catone vetus dictum, *Ultimus Romanorum, Primus Hominum*.

One so diffusive, that he liv'd to all,
 And *One* that dy'd the whole world's *Funeral*?
 For *Charles* being thus *dismounted*, and the *Swain*
High shoo'd Bootes leapt into the *Wain*,
 Is not old *Beldame Nature* truly said
 T'advance her *Heeles*, and stand upon her *Head*?
 Does not the *Judge*, and *Law* too for a need,
 The *Stirrop* hold, whilst *Treason* mounts the *Steed*?
 Is not *Gods Word*, and's *Providence* besides
 Us'd as a *Laguy*, whilst th' *white Devil* rides!
 Sure *all things* thus into *Confusion* hurld
 Make, though an *universe*, yet not a *World*.
 And so our *Sovereign's*, like our *Saviours Passion*,
 Becomes a kind of *Doomsday* to the *Nation*.

If *Dead men* did not walk, 'twould be admir'd
 (The *Breath* of all our *Nostrils* thus expir'd)
 What 't is that gives us *motion*. And can I,
 Who want *my self*, write *Him* an *Elegie*?

Though *Virgil* turn'd *Evangelist*, and wrote,
 Not from his *Tripod*, but *Gods Altar* taught;
 Though all the *Poets* of the *Age* should sit
 In *Inquest* of *Invention*, and club wit,
 To make *words Epigrams*; should they combine
 To crowd whole *stock* of *Fancie* in each *line*;
 Sell the *Fee-simple* to advance one *summe*,
 (As *Eglis* spake but *once*, and then liv'd *dumb*)
 'Twere all as *inarticulate*, and weak,
 As when those men make *signes*, that cannot *speak*.
 But where the *Theme confounds us*, * 'tis a sort

* Μεγάλως απολιθαίνειν, ἀμαρτημ' ἐνθυνέει. Longin:

Of glorious *Merit*, proudly to fall short,
Despair sometimes gives *courage*; any one
 May liſp him out, who can be ſpoke by none;
 None but a *King*; No *King*, unleſſe He be
 As *Wiſe*, as *faſt*, as *Good*, as *Great* as He.

When *Late Poſterity* ſhall run t'advise
 With *Times impartiall Register*, how *Wiſe*
 This *Great-one* was, they'l find it there inroll'd
 That He was ne'r in's *Nonage*, but *born ola*.
 View him whilſt *Prince of Wales*, and it appears
 His *wiſdome* did ſo antedate his years.
 That He was *Ful'ch' Bud*, and's *Soul* divine,
Neflor, might be *Great Grandfather* to thine.
 View him agen, where he ſo ripe was grown,
 As not to riſe, but drop into a *Throne*.
 How did thoſe rays of *Majeſtie*, which were
Scatter'd in other *Kings*, concenter bere?
 As if h'ad got *King Sapers ſphere*, and prov'd
 How each *Intelligence* his *Orbe* had mov'd:
Wiſe Charles, like them, ſate ſteering at two *Helmes*,
King of himſelf, but *Father* of his *Realms*:
 And juſt as if old *Trismegiftus Cup*
 Had by his thirſty *Soul* been all drunk up,
 His *underſtanding* did begirt this *All*,
 As twere *Ecliptick* or *Meridionall*.
 Suppose a *Dyet* of all *Chriſtian Kings*
 And *B ſhops* too, conven'd to weigh the things
 Of *Church* and *State*: Nay adde *Inferiour* men,
 Thoſe of the *Sword*, the *penſil*, and the *pen*.

From

From th' *Scepter* to the *Sheep-hook*, *Charles* in all
Must have been *Umpire Oecumenicall*.
He liv'd a *Perpendicular* ; The *Thread*
His *Wisdom* was ; *Humility* the *Lead*,
By which he measur'd *Men* and *Things* ; took aim
At actions *crooked*, and at actions *plain*.
He and all from him into *Cubes* did fall,
And yet as perfect as the *Circle*, all.

'Twas He took *Nature's Breadth*, & *Depth*, and *Hight*,
Knew the just difference 'twixt *Wrong*, and *Right*.
He saw the *points* of things, could justly hit,
What *must* be done, what *may* ; what's *just*, what *fit*.

As if, like *Moses* he had had resort
Unto Gods *Councell*, ere he was of's *Court*.

Hence his Religion was his *choice*, not *Fate*,
Rul'd by *Gods Word*, not *Interest* of *State*.

Others may thank their *stars*, He his *inquest*,
Who, *sounding* all *sides*, *anchor'd* in the *best*.

His *Crown* contain'd a *Miter* ; He did twist
Moses and *Aaron*, *King* and *Casuis*t.

When the *Mahumetan* or *Pope* shall look
On his *Soul's* best *Interpreter*, his *Book* ;

His *Book*, his *Life*, his *Death*, will henceforth be
The *Church* of *England's* best *Apologie*.

Thus *Dove* and *Serpent* kil's'd, as if they meant
To render him as *wise*, so *innocent*.

His own good *Genius* knew not, whether were
His *Heart* more *single*, or his *Head* more *clear*.

Virtue was his *Prerogative* ; and thus

Charles rul'd the *King*, before the *King* rul'd *us*.

He

He knew that to *command*, his onely way
 Was first to teach his Passions to *obey*.
 And his incessant waiting on *God's Throne*
 Gave him such meek *reflections* on his *own*,
 That, being forc't to *censure*, he exprest
 A *Judges Office* with a *Mothers breast*.
 And when some *sturdie* violence began
 To unsheath his *sword*, unwilling to be drawn
 He but *destroy'd* (and so soft *mercy* can)
 The *malefactor*, to *preserve* the *Man*.
 Even *Hell's blind Journey-men*, those *Sons of Night*
 Who look on *scarlet-murder*, and think't *white*,
 Unwillingly confess'd, The onely thing
 Which made him guiltie was, *That He was King*.
 He was *Incarnate Justice*, and 'tis said
Astraea liv'd in him, yet dy'd a *Maid*.

We want an *Emblem* for him : *Phæbus* must
 Stand still in *Libra*, to speak *Charles the Just*.
 And yet though he were such, that nothing lesse
 Then *Virtue's mean* stretcht to a *just Excesse*
 Flew from his *Soul* ; He, like the *Sun*, was known
 To see all *excellence*, except his *own*.
 His *Modesty* was such, that All which He
 'Ere spake or thought of's *self*, was *Calumny* ;
 But yet so mixt with *state*, that one might see
 It made him not *lesse Kingly*, but *more free*.
 He was not like those *Princes*, whot' expresse
 A *learned surfeit*, a *sublime excesse*,
 Send to *dispeople* all the *Sea* of *Fish*.
Depopulate the *Aire* to make one *dish*,

(Such

(Such skilfull luxuries, as onely serve
 To make their *minds* more plentifully serve)
 Whatever *Dainties* fill'd his *Board* by chance,
 His onely constant Dish was (a) *Temperance*.
 His *Virtue* did so limit him, his *Court*
 Implied his *Cloyster*; and his very *sport*
 Was *Self-deniall*. Nay, though he were seen
 So roab'd in *purple*, and so mach't a *Queen*,
 As made him glitter like a *Noon-day Sun*,
 Yet still his *Soul* wore *sackcloth*, and liv'd *Nun*.
 (b) *Simeon* the *Stylite* in his *Pillar* pent
 Might live more *strict*, but not more *innocent*.

So wise, so just, so good, so great and all,
 What is't could set him higher, but his fall?
 When he caught up by a *Celestiall Train*
 Began his *second*, and more *solid Raign*.
 How to that *Heaven* did this *Pilot steer*
 Twixt th' *Independent*, and the *Presbyter*,
 Plac'd in the *confines* of two *shipwracks*? thus
 The *Greeks* are seated twixt the *Turks* and *Us*,
 Whom did *Byzantium* free. *Rome* would condemn;
 And freed from *Rome*, they are enslaved by *them*.
 So plac'd betwixt a *Precipice* and *Wolf*,
 There the *Aegan*, here the *Venice gulf*,
 What with the *rising* and the *setting Sun*,
 By these th'are *hated*, and by those *undon*.

(a) Evagr. l. i. c. 21. de Monachis quibusdam, ἐχθροὶ καὶ ἰσίων βυλῆ-
 σιν, καὶ τὸ φύσει ἐκδοπεῖ, παιδαυσίαν τὴν νηστειαν ἔχουσιν, καὶ τὰ πρὸς
 διακοπὴν, τὸ μὴ δύνανται ἀπογεύεσθαι. (b) Evagr. l. i. c. 13. ὁ ἐν-
 σαρκὶ ἀγγελῶν ὁ Σιμων, ὁ ἐν σαρκὶ τὸ ἀνω ἱερουσαλημ Πολίτης.

Thus *virtues* hemm'd with *vices*, and though either
Solicites her consent, she yields to neither.
Nay thus our *Saviour*, to enhance his grief,
Was hung betwixt a *Murderer*, and a *Thief*.

Now *Charles* as *King*, and as a good *King* too
Being *Christ's* adopted self, was both to do
And suffer like him; both to live and die
So much more *humble*, as he was more *high*
Then his own *Subjects*. He was thus to tread
In the same footsteps, and submit his Head
To the same *thorns*: when spit upon, and beat,
To make his *Conscience* serve for his retreat,
And overcome by suffering: To take up
His *Saviours* *Crosse*, and pledge him in his *Cup*.

Since then our *Sovereign*, by just account,
Liv'd o're our *Saviours* *Sermon* in the Mount,
And did all Christian Precepts so reduce,
That's *Life* the *Doctrine* was, his *Death* the *Use*;
Posterity will say, he should have dy'd
No other *Death*, then by being *Crucifi'd*.
And their renownedst *Epocha* will be
Great Charles his *Death*, next *Christ's* *Nativity*.
Thus *Treason's* grown most *Orthodox*; who since
They said they'd [*make him the most glorious Prince*
In all the Christian World] 'tis plain, this way
They onely promis'd. what they meant to pay.
For now (besides that *beatifick Vision*
Where all *desire* is lost into *fruition*)
The *stones*, they hurled at him, with intent
To crush his *fame*, have prov'd his *monument*.

Their

Their *Libels* his best *Obeliske*; To have
 A fit *Mausôle*, were to want a *Grave*;
 His *Scaffold*, like *mount Tabor*, will in story
 Become the proudest *Theater of Glory*,
 Next to the *blessed Croſſe*: and thus 'tis ſenſe,
 T'affirm him *murder'd* in his own *Defence*.
 For though all *Hells Artillery* and *ſkill*
 Combin'd together to *beſiege* his *Will*;
 And when their *malice* could not bring'r about
 To hurt *God's Image*, they raz'd *Adam's* out,
 (Like men repulſ'd, whoſe *Choler* think's it witty
 To burn the *Suburbs*, when they can't the *City*)
 Howe're they *ſtorm'd* his *walls*, and *drain'd* his *blood*;
 Which *moted* round his *Soul*; yet ſtill he ſtood
Defender of the Faith, (and that which He
 Found ſweeter then revenge) his *Charity*.

This then the utmoſt was their rage could do,
 [It ſhew'd him *King* of his *afflictions* too.]
Untempted Virtue is but *coldly good*,
 (As ſhe's ſcarce *chaste*, that's ſo but in *cold blood*)
 To ſcorn *baſe Quarter* is the beſt *eſcape*,
 (As *Lucrece* dy'd the *chaster* for her *rape*)
 Theſe two did *Charles* his *Virtue* moſt *befriend*,
 His *glorious hardſhips* firſt, and then his *end*.
Death we forgive thee, and thy *Bourreaux* too,
 Since what did ſeem *thy rape*, proves but *his due*.
 For how could he be ſaid to fall *too ſoon*,
 Whoſe *green* was *mellow*, & whole *dawn* was *noon*?
 Since *Charles* was onely by thy *curteous knife*
Redeem'd from this great *injury* of *life*

To

To one so lasting, that 'tis truly said
 Not *He*, but his *mortality* is dead—
 To weep his Death's the *treason* of our eyes;
 Our *Sun* did onely *set*, that he might *rise*.

But we do *mock*, not *cheat* our grief, and fit
 Onely at best t' *upbraid* our selves in *wit*,
 And *want* him *learnedly*: such *colours* do
Disguise disasters, not *delude* them too.
 For though, I must confesse, a Poet can
 Fancy things *better* then another man,
 He can *but* fancy 'um; and all his pains
 Is but to fill his *belly* with his *brains*.
 He may both *Petrify'd* and *famisht* fit,
 That *wears* his *thoughts*, and onely *dine's* on *wit*.
 Were I a *Polypus*, and could go on
 To *be* those very things I *think* upon,
 I would not then complain: but since I know
 To *call* things *thus*, is not to *make* them so,
Great Charles is *slain*: and say we what we will,
 Yet we shall find, *judgements* are *judgements* still.

For though 'tis true, that his *now-immense* Sou
 Doth hold commensuration with each *Pole*;
 Though he doth shine a *Star* more *fixt* and bright
 Then where the *year* makes but *one day and night*;
 And, least he fill the *Zodiack*, doth appear
 Not in the *Eighth*, but *Empyrean* Sphere;
 Yet we his *Rise* may our *Descension* call,
 As *Libra's* mounting is poore *Aries* fall.
 He was the onely *Moses* that could stand

Betwixt the *sinners* and *judgements* of the Land.
 And what can we expect, our *Lot* being gon,
 But that a *Hell* from *Heav'n* should tumble down
 On our more finfull *Sodom*? (unlesse we
 Are *damn'd* yet *worse*, to an *impunity*.)
Kings are *Gods* once remov'd. It hence appears
 No *Court* but *Heav'ns* can trie them by their *Peers*.
 So that for *Charles* the good to have been try'd
 And cast by mortall *Votes*, was *Deicide*.
 No *Sinne*, except the *first*, hath ever past
 So black as this; no *Judgement*, but the *last*.
 How does our *Delos*, which so lately stood
 Unmov'd, lie floating in her *Pilots* blood?
 And can vve hope to *Anchor*, vvho discern
 Nought but the *tempest* ruling at the *stern*;
 Whil'st *Pluto's* *Rival*, with his *Saints* by's side,
 Drawn by the *Spirit* of *avarice* and *pride*,
 Being fairly placed in the *Chair* of *scorn*
 Sits brewing *Tears* for *Infants* yet *unborn*?
 Vast *stocks* of *miser*y, which his *Guardian-rage*
 Does husband for them till they come to age?

When *future times* shall look what *Plagues* befell
Egypt and *us*, by way of *Parallel*,
 They'l find at once presented to their view
 The *Frogs* and *Lice*, and *Independents* too.
 Onely this *signal difference* will be known
 'Twixt those *Egyptian* judgements and our own,
 Those were *Gods* *Armies*; but th' effect doth tell
 That these our *Vermin* are the *Host* of *Hell*.

Pausanias and *Herostratus* will look

Like

Like *Pygmy-Sinners* writ in *Times black-book*.
The *Spanish Fleet*, and *Powder-plot* will lack
Their usuall mentions in our *Almanack*.

— Nay, vvhich is more, (c) *Alaricus* his name
Will scarce be legible 'th' leaves of fame,
When *Cromwel* shall be read. Nature was ne're
So blessedly reform'd, since *Lucifer*.

O for a *Jeremy* to lament our woe !
From whom such tragick *Rhetorick* might flow,
As would become our misery, and dresse
Our sorrows with a dreadfull gaudinesse !
For next those hovering judgements, which the fall
Of one so great, so good, makes *Verticall*.
(And rushing down, may onely be vvithstood.
If *Charles* his prayers crie louder then his blood)
I say next that, It is our second *Crosse*
We can't grieve worthy of so great a *Losse*.
To weep upon this subject, and weep sense,
Requires we should be born ten *Ages hence*.
The greater are the *hights* an *Artist's* hand
Designs to take, the farther he must stand.
And as vvhen *Sol's* in's *Zenith*, He imply's
His dazling glory best, that shuts his eyes,
So, where the *Theme's ineffable*, the way
To speak it is, (d) Not to know what to say.

(c) Socrat. l. 7. c. 10. hoc Alarichivespensumrecitat. ἐκ τῶν ἐθελοντῶν τοῦ
ἐκεῖ περιύουμαι ἀλλὰ τίς καθ' ἑαυτὴν ὀχλεῖ μοι βασανίζων, καὶ λήγει
[ἀπὸ τῶν ῥωμαίων Πέρδιστον πάλιν.] (d) Herodor. l. 3. Psammeli-
ebus ad Cambysem, cum Amicorum vicem lacrymis lugeret, suam verò
silentio, τὰ μὲν οἰκνῆα κατὰ ἥν πνέω, ἢ ὥστε ἀραχλαίην εἶς.

A

DEEP GROAN,

F E T C H ' D

At the *Funerall* of that incomparable
and Glorious Monarch,
CHARLES* THE FIRST,
King of Great Britain, France
and Ireland, &c.

TO speak our Griefs at full overthy Tombe
(Great Soul) we should be Thunder-struck and
The triviall Offerings of our bubling eyes (dumbe;
Are but fair Libels at such Obsequies.

When Grief bleeds inward, not to sense, 'tis deep;
W'have lost so much, that 'twere a sinne to weep.
The wretched Bankrupt counts not up his summes,
When his inevitable ruine comes :

Our losse is finite when we can compute ;
But that strike speechlesse, which is past recruit.
Ware sunk to sense ; and on the Ruine gaze,

As on a curled Commets fire blaze :
And Earth-quakes fright us, when the teeming earth
Rends ope her bowels for a fatall birth ;
As Inundations seize our trembling eyes ;

C

Whose



7
7

Whole rowling billowes over Kingdomes rise.

8. c. 2.

Alas ! our Ruines are cast up, and sped
In that black Totall---*Charles* is Murthered.
Rebellious Gyant hands have broak that Pole,
On which our Orbe did long in Glory roule.
That *Roman Monsters* with in act we see,
Three Kingdoms necks have felt the Axe in Thee,
The Butcherie is such, as when by *Cain*,
The fourth Devision of the world was slain:
The mangled Church is on the shambles lay'd,
Her Massacre is on thy Block display'd,
Thine is thy peoples epidemick Tombe,
Thy Sacrifice a num'rous *Hecatombe*.

The Powder-mine's now fir'd ; we were not freed,
But respited by Traytours thus to bleed.

Novembers plots are brew'd and broach'd in worse,
And *January* now compleats the Curse.

Our Lives, Estates, Laws, and Religion, All
Lie crush'd, and gashing in this dismall fall.

Accursed day that blotted't out our Light !
May'st thou be ever muffled up in Night.

At thy return may fables hang the skie ;
And tears, not beams, distill from Heavens Eye.

Curs'd be that smile that guilds a Face on thee,
The Mother of prodigious Villanie.

Let not a breath be wofed, but in moans ;
And all our words be but articulate groans.

May all thy *Rubrick* be this dismall Brand; (Land

Now comes the miscreant Doomes-day of the
Good-Friday wretchedly transcrib'd ; and such

As Horror brings alike, though not so much.

May
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May

May Dread still fill thy minutes, and we sit
Frighted to think, what others durst commit.

A Fact that copies Angels when they fell,
And justly might create another Hell.

Above the scale of Crimes ; Treason sublim'd,
That cannot by a parallell be rim'd.

Leviliack's was but under-graduate sinne,

And *Goury* here a Pupill Assassin.

Inidell wickednesse, without the *Pale* ;

Yet such as justifies the Canniball.

Ryot Apochyphall of *Legend* breed ;

Above the Canon of a Jesuites Creed.

Spirits of witch-craft ; quintessential guilt ;

Hells *Pyramid* ; another *Babell* built.

Monstrous in bulk ; above our *Fancies* span ;

A *Behemoth* ; a Crime *Leviathan*.

So desperately damnable, that here

Ev'n *Wild* smells Treason, and will not appear.

That Murdering-peece of the new Tyrant-State,

By whom't hath Shot black Destinies of late ;

He that belched forth the Loyall *Burleighs* doom ;

Recoyles at this so dreadfull Martyrdome.

What depth of Terrour lies in that Offence,

That thus can grind a seared Conscience ?

Hellish Complotment ! which a League renews,

Lesse with the men, then th' actions of the Jews.

Such was their Bedlane Rabble, and the Cry

Of Justice now ; amongst them was *Crucifio* :

Pilates Consent is *Brudshawes* Sentence here ;

The *Judgement-hall's* remov'd to *Westminster*.

Haile to the Reeden Scepture the Head, and knee

Act o're again that Cursed Pageantrie.
 The Caitiffe crew in solemn pomp guard on
 Mock'd Majestie as not to th' Block, but Throne,
 The Belch agrees of those envenom'd Lyes;
 There a Blasphemer, here a Murd'rer dyes.
 If that go first in horreur, this comes next,
 A pregnant Comment on that gasty Text.
 The Heav'ns ne're saw, but in that Tragick howre,
 Slaughter'd so great an *Innocence, and Power.*

Bloud-thirsty Tygers! could no stream suffice
 T'allay that Hell within your Breasts but this?
 Must you needs swill in *Cleopatra's Cup*,
 And drink the price of Kingdomes in a sup?
 Cisterns of Loyalty have deeply bled,

And now y'have damm'd the Royall Fountain Head
Cruell *Phlebotomie*! at once to drain
 The *Median*, and the rich *Basilick* vein:
 The tinctures great that popular murther brings,
 'Tis scarlet deep, that's dy'd in bloud of Kings.

But what could *Israel* find no other way
 To their wish'd *Canaan* then through the Red Sea?
 Must God have here his deading Fire and Cloud,
 And he be th' Guide to this outrageous Crowd?
 Shall the black *Conclave* counterfeit his hand,
 And superscribe their Guilt, *Divine Command*?
 Doth thugly Fiend usurp a Saint-like grace?
 And Holy-water wash the Devils face!
 Shall *Dagons* Temple the mock'd *Ark* inclose?
 Can *Esau's* hands agree with *Jacob's* voyce?
 Must *Molech's* Fire now on the Altar burn?
 And *Abel's* bloud to Expiation turn?

E. & 4.

Is Righteousnesse so lewd a Bawd? and can
 The *Bibles* Cover serve the *Alcoran*?
 Thus when Hel's meant, Religion's bid to shine
 As *Faux* his Lantern lights him to his *Mine*.
 Here, here is sins *non ultra*, when one Lie
 Kills this, and stabs at *Majesty*.
 And though his sleepeie Arm suspend the scourge,
 Nor doth loud Bloud in winged Vengeance urge,
 Though the soft houres a while in pleasures flie,
 And conquering Treason sing her Lullabie.
 The guilt at length in fury he'll inroul
 With barbed Arrows on the tray'trous Soul.
 Time may be when that *John-a-Leyden* King
 His Quarters to this Tombe an Offring bring,
 And that *Be-Munster'd* Rabble may have eyes
 To read the Price of their dear Butcheries,
 Yet if just Providence reprieve the Fate,
 The Judgement will be deeper, though't be late.
 And After-times shal feel the curse enhanc'd, vanc'd.
 But how much They've the Sinne bequeath'd, ad-
 Mean time (most blessed shade) the Loyall Eye
 Shall pay her Tribute to thy Memory.
 Thy *Aromatick* Name shall feast our sense,
 'Bove *balmie Spiknard's* fragrant Redolence,
 Whilst on thy loathsome Murderers shall dwell
 A plague-sore, blayn, and rotten ulcers smell.
Wonder of Men and Goodnesse! stamp'd to be
 The Pride, and Flourish of all Historie.
 Thou hast undone the Annals, and engross'd
 All th' *Heroes* Glory which the Earth e're lost.
 Thy Priviledge 'tis onely to commence.

E. c. 5.

Laureate in Sufferings, and in Patience.

Thy wrongs were 'bove all sweetnesse to digest;
 And yet thy sweetnesse conquer'd the sharp test:
 Both so immense, and infinitely vast,
 The first could not be reach'd, but by the last.
 Mean Massacres are but in death begun;
 But Thou hast Liv'd an Execution.
 Close coffin'd up in a deceased Life;
 Had Orphan-Children, and a Widow-Wife.
 Friends not t'approach, or comfort, but to mourn
 And weep their unheard plaints, as at thy urn?
 Such black Attendants Colonied thy Cell,
 But for thy Presence, *Car'sbrook* had been Hell.
 Thus basely to Be Dungeon'd, would enrage
 Great *Bajazet* beyond and Iron Cage.
 That deep indignity might have layn
 Something the lighter from a *Tamerlain*.
 But here *Sidonian* Slaves usurp the Reins,
 And lock the Scepter-bearing Arms in chains.
 The spew'd-up surfeit of the glut'nous Land:
 Honour'd by scorn, and clean beneath all brand.
 For such a Varlet-Brood to tear all down,
 And make a common Foot-ball of the Crown.
 T'insult on wounded Majesty, and broach,
 The bloud of Honour by their vile reproach.
 What royall eye but thine could sober see,
 Bowing so low, yet bearing up so high?
 What an unbroken sweetnesse grac'd thy Soul,
 Beyond the world, proud conquest, or controul?
 Maugre grim cruelty, thou keepst thy hold;
 Thy Thornie Crown was still a Crown of Gold.

Chast

E. & G.

Chast Honour, Might enrag'd could ne're deflour,
Though others th' Use, Thou claim'dst the Right of
Power.

The brave *Athenian* thus (with lopp'd-off Hands)
A stop to swelling sayles by's mouth commands.
New Vigour rouz'd Thee still in thy Embroyles,
Antaus-like, recruiting from the Foyles.
Victorious fury could not terrou bring.
Enough to quell a captivated King.
So did that *Roman Miracle* withstand
Hetrurian shoals, but with a single hand.
The Church in thee had still her Armies; thus
The World once fought with *Athanasius*.
The Gantlet thus upheld; It is decreed,
(No safety else for Treason) *Charles* must bleed.
Traytour and Sovereign now inverted meet;
The wealthy Olive's dragg'd to th' Brambles feet.
The Throne is Metamorphiz'd to the Barre,
And despicable Batts the Eagle dare.
Astonishment ! yet still we must admire
Thy courage growing with thy conflicts high'r.
No palsied hands or trembling knees betray
That Cause, on which thy souls sure bottom'd lay.
So free and undisturbed flew thy Breath,
Not as condemn'd, but purchasing a death.
Those early Martyrs in their funerall pile,
Embrac'd their Flames with such a quiet smile.
Brave *Cœur-de-Lyon* Soul, that would'st not vayne
In one base syllable to beg thy Bayl !
How didst thou blush to live at such a price,
As ask'd thy People for a sacrifice ?

Th' *Althenian* Prince in such a pitch of zeal,
 Redem'd his destin'd Hoast, and Common-weal;
 Who brib'd his cheated Enemies to kill,
 And both their Conquest, and their Conqueror sell.
 Thus thou our Martyr died'st: but oh! we stand
 A Ransome for another *Charles* his Hand.
 One that will write thy Chronicle in Red,
 And dip his Pen in what thy Foes have bled.
 Shall Treas'nous Heads in purple Caldrons drench,
 And with such veines the Flames of Kingdomes
 quench.

Then thou art least at *Westminster*, shall't be
 Fil'd in the Pompous List of Majestie.
 Thy *Mausoleum* shall in glory rise,
 And tears, and wonder force from Nephews Eyes.
 Till when (though black-mouth'd Miscreants en-
 No Epitaph, but Tyrant, on thy Grave. (grave)
 A Vault of Loyalty shall keep thy Name,
 An orient, and bright *Olibian* flame.
 On which, when times succeeding foot shall tread,
 Such Characters as these shall there be read.

Here *CHARLES* the best of Monarchs, but-
 cher'd lies;

The Glory of all *Martyrologies*.

Bulwark of Law; the Churches Cittadell; (fell:
 In whom they triumph'd once, with whom they
 An English *Solomon*, a *Constantine*;
 Pandect of Knowledge, Humane and Divine.
 Meek ev'n to wonder, yet of stoutest Grace.
 To sweeten Majesty, but not debase.
 So whole made up of clemency, the Throne

And

And Mercy-seat to Him were alwayes one.
 Inviting Treason with a pardoning look,
 Instead of Gratitude, a stab He took.
 With passion lov'd : that when He murd' red lay,
 Heav'n conquered seem'd, and Hell to bear the
 A Prince so richly good, so blest a Reign. (sway.
 The world ne're saw but one, nor can again.

---- *Humano genere Nature benigni*
Nil dedit, aut tribuet moderato hoc principe major
In quo verâ dei, vivensque eluxit imago :
Hunc quoniam scelerata cohors violavit, acerbis
Sacrilego Deus ipse petet de Sanguine pœnas
Contemptumq; sin Simulachri haud linquet inultum.
 Parodia ex Buchanani Geneth : Jacobi sexti.

An

AN ELEGIE

f. r. 8. Upon KING CHARLES the First,
Murthered publickly by His Subjects.

8 WERE not my *Faith* boy'd up by sacred
bloud,
It might be drown'd in this prodigious floud ;
Which reasons highest ground doth so exceed,
It leaves my *Soul* no Anch'rage, but my *Creed* ;
Where my *Faith* resting on th' *Originall*,
Supports it self in this the *Copies* fall ;
So while my faith floats on that *Bloudy wood*,
My reasons cast away in this *Red floud*,
Which ne'r o'reflowes us all : Those showers past
Made but Land-flouds, which did some vallies
This stroke hath cut the only neck of land, (waist;
Which between us, and this *Red Sea* did stand,
That covers now our world, which cursed lies
At once with two of *Egypt's* prodigies ;
O'recast with *darknesse*, and with bloud o'rerun,
And justly, since our hearts have theirs out-done ;
Th' inchanter led them to a lesse known ill,
To act his sin, then 'twas their *King to kill* :
Which crime hath widdowed our whole Nation,
Voided all Formes, left but privation
In *Church* and *State* ; inverting ev'ry right;
Brought in Hels State, of fire without light:

No

No wonder then, if all good eyes look red,
 Washing their Loyall hearts from blood so shed ;
 The which deserves, each pore should turn an eye,
 To weep out, even a bloody *Agony*.

Let nought then passe for *Musick*, but sad cries ;
 For *Beauty*, blood-les cheeks, and blood-shot eyes.

All colours soil, but black ; all odours have
 Ill sent, but *Myrrh*, incens'd upon this *Grave* :

It notes a *Few*, not to believe us much
 The cleanerm ade, by a Religious touch
 Of this *Dead Body* ; whom to judge to die
 Seemes the Judaicall impiety.

To kill the *King*, the *Spirit Legion* paints
 His rage with Law, the Temple and the Saints :

But the truth is, He fear'd, and did repine,
 To be cast out, and back into the Swine ;
 And the case holds, in that the Spirit bends
 His Malice in this Act, against his ends :

For it is like, the sooner hee'l be sent
 Out of that body, He would still torment :
 Let *Christians* then use otherwise this blood,
 Detest the Act, yet turn it to their good ;

Thinking how like a *King of death* He dies ;
 We eas'ly may the world and death despise :
 Death had no sting for Him, and its sharp arm,
 Onely of all the troop, meant Him no harm.

And so He look'd upon the *Axe*, as one
 Weapon yet left, to guard Him to His Throne ;
 In His great Name, then may His Subjects cry,
Death thou art swallowed up in Victory ;

If this our losse a comfort can admit,
 Tis that his narrowed *Crown* was grown unfit, For

For his enlarged Head, since his distresse
 Had greatned this, as it made that the lesse;
 His *Crown* was false unto too low a thing
 For Him, who was become so great a *King*:
 So the same hands enthron'd him in that *Crown*
 They had exalted from him, not pull'd down.
 And thus Gods Truth by them hath rendred more,
 Then ere mens falshood promis'd to restore;
 Which, since by death alone, he could attain,
 Was yet exempt from weaknesse, and from pain;
 Death was enjoin'd by God, to touch a part,
 Might make His passage quick, ne're move His heart
 Which ev'n expiring, was so far from death,
 It seem'd but to command away His breath.
 And thus His *Soul*, of this her triumph proud,
 Broke, like a flash of lightning, through the cloud
 ¶ *Of* flesh and blood; and from the highest line
 Of humane virtue, pass'd to be Divine:
 Nor is't much lesse His virtues to relate,
 Then the high glories of His present state;
 Since both then passe all Acts, but of belief;
 Silence may praise the one, the other grief.
 And since, upon the *Diamond*, no lesse
 Then *Diamonds*, will serve us to impresse:
 I'll onely wish, that for His Elegie,
 This our *Josias*, had a *Jeremie*.



A/N

E L E G I E

The best of Men,
On And meekest of Martyrs,
CHARLES *the I. &c.*

DOes not the Sun call in his light ? and Day
 Like a thin Exhalation melt away ?
 Both wrapping up their Beams in Clouds to bee
 Themselves close Mourners at the Obsequie
 Of this Great Monarch ? does his Royall Bloud,
 Which th' Earth late drunk in so profuse a Flood
 Not shoot through her affrighted wombe, & make
 All her Convulsed Arteries to shake
 So long, till all those Hinges that sustain,
 Like Nerves, the Frame of Nature shrink again
 Into a shuffled Chaos ? Does the Sun
 Nut suck it from its liquid Mansion,
 And still it into vap'rous Clouds ? which May,
 Themselves in bearded Meteors display,
 Whose shaggie and dishevel'd Beams may bee,
 The Tapers at this black Solemnitie ?

19

You

You Seed of Marble in the Wombe accurst,
 Rock'd by some storm, or by some Tigresse hurst.
 Fed by some Plague, which in blind Mists was hurld
 To Strew Infection on the tainted World.
 What Fury charm'd your hands to Act a Deed,
 Tyrants to think on would not weep but bleed ?
 And Rocks by Instinct so risent this Fact,
 They'd into Springs of easie Tears bee slack'd.
 Say Sons of Tumult since you thought it good,
 Still to keep up the Trade and bath in Blood.
 Your guilty Hands, why did you then not State,
 Your slaughters at some cheap and common Rate ?
 Your gluttonous and lavish Blades might have,
 Devoted Myriads to one publick Grave.
 And lop'd off Thousands of some base Allay,
 Whilst the same Sexton that enter'd their Clay.
 In the same Urne their Names too might entombe,
 But when on Him you fixt your fatall Doom.
 You gave a Blow to Nature, since even all,
 The Stock of Man now bleeds too in his Fall.
 Could not Religion which you oft have made,
 A specious Glosse your black Designs to shade.
 Teach you that we come nearest Heaven when we,
 Are suppld into Acts of Clemencie.
 And Copie out the Deitie agen.
 When we Distill our Mercies upon Men ?
 But why do I deplore this Ruine ? Hee
 Onely shook off his frail Humanitie.
 And with such Calmnesse fell, he seem'd to be,
 Even lesse unmov'd and unconcern'd then we.

And

And for't was from our Throes of Grief to say,
Wee only Died, He onely liv'd that Day.
So that his Tombe is now his Throne become
T'invest him with the Crown of Martyrdome,
And Death the Shade of Nature did not shroud
His Soul in Mists, but its clear Beams uncloud,
That who a Star in our Meridian shone
In Heaven might shine a Constellation.

ANOTHER EPI TAPH.

† 3. **VV** Ithin this sacred VAULT doth lie
 The Quintessence of MAJESTIE;
 Which being Set, more Glorious shines,
 The Best of KINGS, best of Divines;
Britains shame, and *Britains* glory,
 Mirrour of Princes, complete Story
 Of ROYALTY; One so exact
 That th' *Elixir* of Praise detract:
 These are faint Shadows; But t'endure,
 Hee's drawn to th' Life in's PORTRACTURE
 If such another PEECE you'd see,
 Angels must Linn it out, or HEE;
 Where Wisdom, Grace, and Eloquence,
 Are Centred in their Eminence,
 Martyr'd HEE was to save His Laws;
 Religion, People, from the Jaws
 Of ASSASINES; whose weal HEE sought,
 Even then when they His MURDER wrought.
 With Horrid Plots, that HEADLESS He
 (And in HIM Church and State) might be.
 Then since Correlatives They were,
Three Kingdoms in One KING lies here.

A. B.

F I N I S.